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CHEYENNE KID

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CHEYENNE KID

D-858

CHAUNCEY AND THE DIRTY DOZEN

EDITOR
SAL GENTILE

ART
SANHO KIM

THERE WERE ONLY SEVEN MEMBERS OF THE GROUP LOOSELY CALLED THE DIRTY DOZEN... SOME THOUGHT IT WAS BECAUSE NOBODY IN THE D.D. COULD COUNT THAT HIGH... OTHERS JUST FIGURED GAPTOOTH ROGERS AND HIS SMELLY GANG NEVER KNEW HOW MANY MADE A DOZEN IN THE FIRST PLACE. ANYHOW, GAPTOOTH, SNIPE, AND THE OTHERS RODE INTO WONDER VALLEY TO SPEND SOME STOLEN GOLD, PLAN A NEW OUTRAGE, AND MAKE AS MANY PEOPLE AS POSSIBLE AS MISERABLE AS POSSIBLE! THE CHEYENNE KID HAPPENED TO BE THERE...

MY! WHAT AN UNCIVILIZED WAY TO SETTLE AN ARGUMENT!

GIT THAT RENEGADE INJUN-LOVER!

NOW STOP THAT, OLD CHAP!

C'MERE, YA.... UNGH!



CHEYENNE KID Vol. 3, No. 83, March, 1971,

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GIT AWAY, MORK...
A .45 SLUG
WILL
FINISH HIM!

I SAY... THAT
WOULD BE
MURDER!

OOOPS!

KRACK!

THUDD!

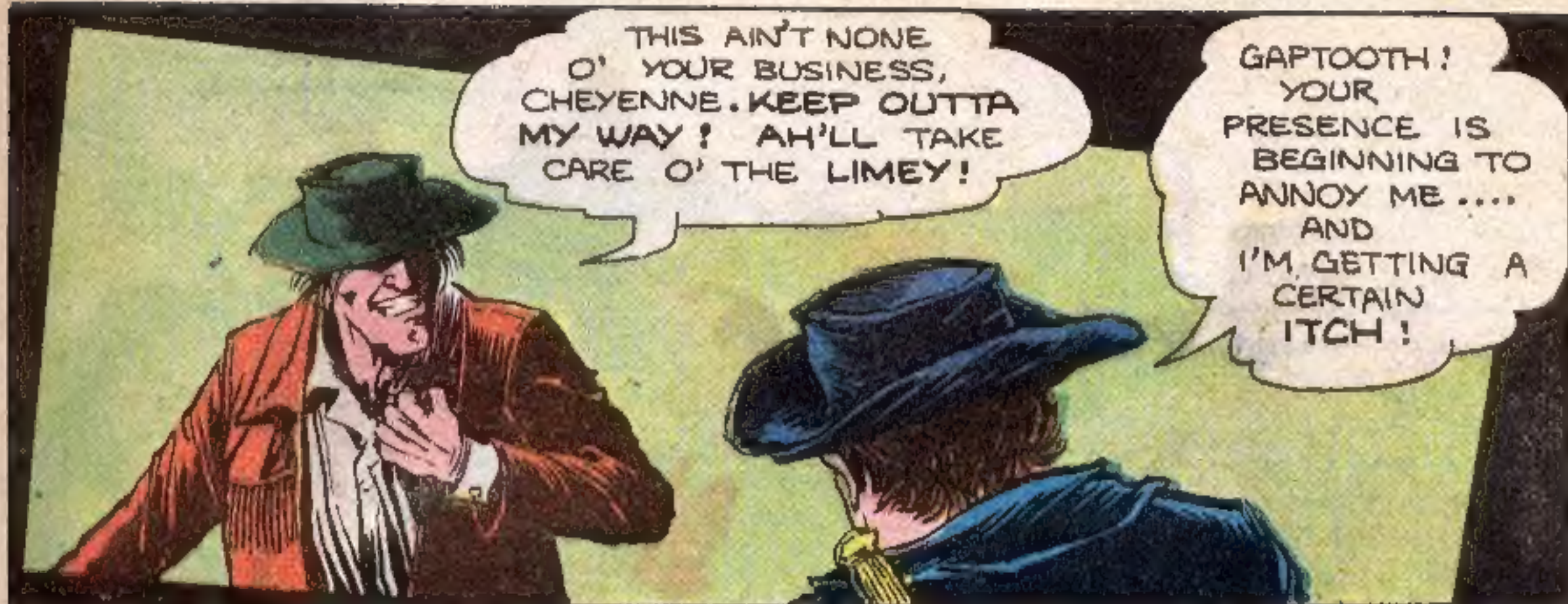
I SAY,
OLD BOY,
JOLLY
GOOD SHOW!

YOU
WERE
SIMPLY
SUPERB!
IF YOU...

DUDE...
THIS TROUBLE
AIN'T OVER
WITH YET!

GAPTOOTH
WANTS TUH LOOK
AFTER YOU,
AN' I DON'T
LIKE THAT!





THIS AIN'T NONE
O' YOUR BUSINESS,
CHEYENNE. KEEP OUTTA
MY WAY! AH'LL TAKE
CARE O' THE LIMEY!

GAPTOOTH!
YOUR
PRESENCE IS
BEGINNING TO
ANNOY ME
AND
I'M GETTING A
CERTAIN
ITCH!



OKAY,
CHEYENNE! I'LL SEE
MR. SMYTHE-BLISS
IN MY OWN TIME
AND IN MY OWN
WAY! SO LONG,
LIMEY!

OUT, UGLY....
AND TAKE YORE
POLECATS
WITH YUH!

MY!
WHAT
UNGRACIOUS
LANGUAGE!

NOW, I'VE
GOT TIME TUH ACT CIVILIZED!
FOLKS CALL ME THE CHEYENNE KID...
WHY WERE THEY BOTHERIN'
YOU, MISTER?

I AM
CHAUNCEY SMYTHE-
BLISS, SIR.
I HAVE BEEN
MAKING INQUIRIES
ABOUT PURCHASING
INVESTMENT
PROPERTIES IN
THIS AREA.

DID YOU
FLASH A
LOT OF MONEY,
MISTER? DID
GAPTOOTH
ROGERS
SEE IT?

AS A MATTER
OF FACT,
HE WAS
STANDING
BESIDE ME WHEN
I OPENED
MY WALLET!



OVER A THICK,
RARE STEAK IN
MAW BAILEY'S
EATIN' HOUSE, THE
CHEYENNE KID
TRIED TO EDUCATE
THE ENGLISH
TENDERFOOT.....

WHAT DELIGHTFUL
COMESTIBLES!
I SHALL ENJOY LIVING
HERE AMONGST
YOU COLONIALS!

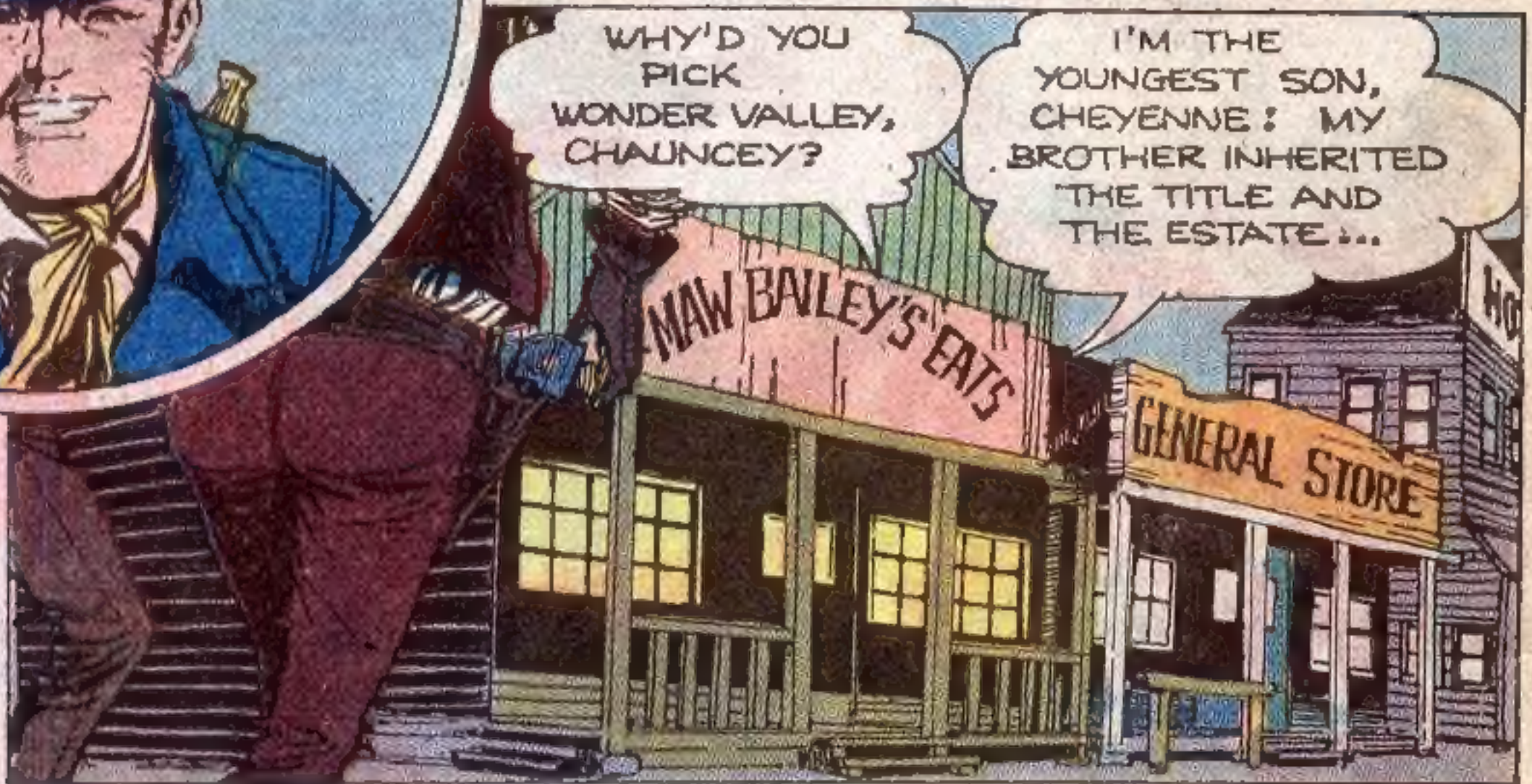
I'M SURPRISED
YOU STILL GOT ALL
YORE TEETH,
CHAUNCEY.....

.... THE UNITED
STATES ISN'T A BRITISH
COLONY ANY MORE IN CASE
YOU HADN'T HEARD.... AND
AMERICANS DON'T LIKE BEING
CALLED **BRITISH
COLONIALS!**



WHY'D YOU
PICK
WONDER VALLEY,
CHAUNCEY?

I'M THE
YOUNGEST SON,
CHEYENNE! MY
BROTHER INHERITED
THE TITLE AND
THE ESTATE...



.... SO I
CONVERTED MY
FIVE THOUSAND
POUND
INHERITANCE
INTO AMERICAN
MONEY AND
HERE I AM,
READY TO
INVEST IT!

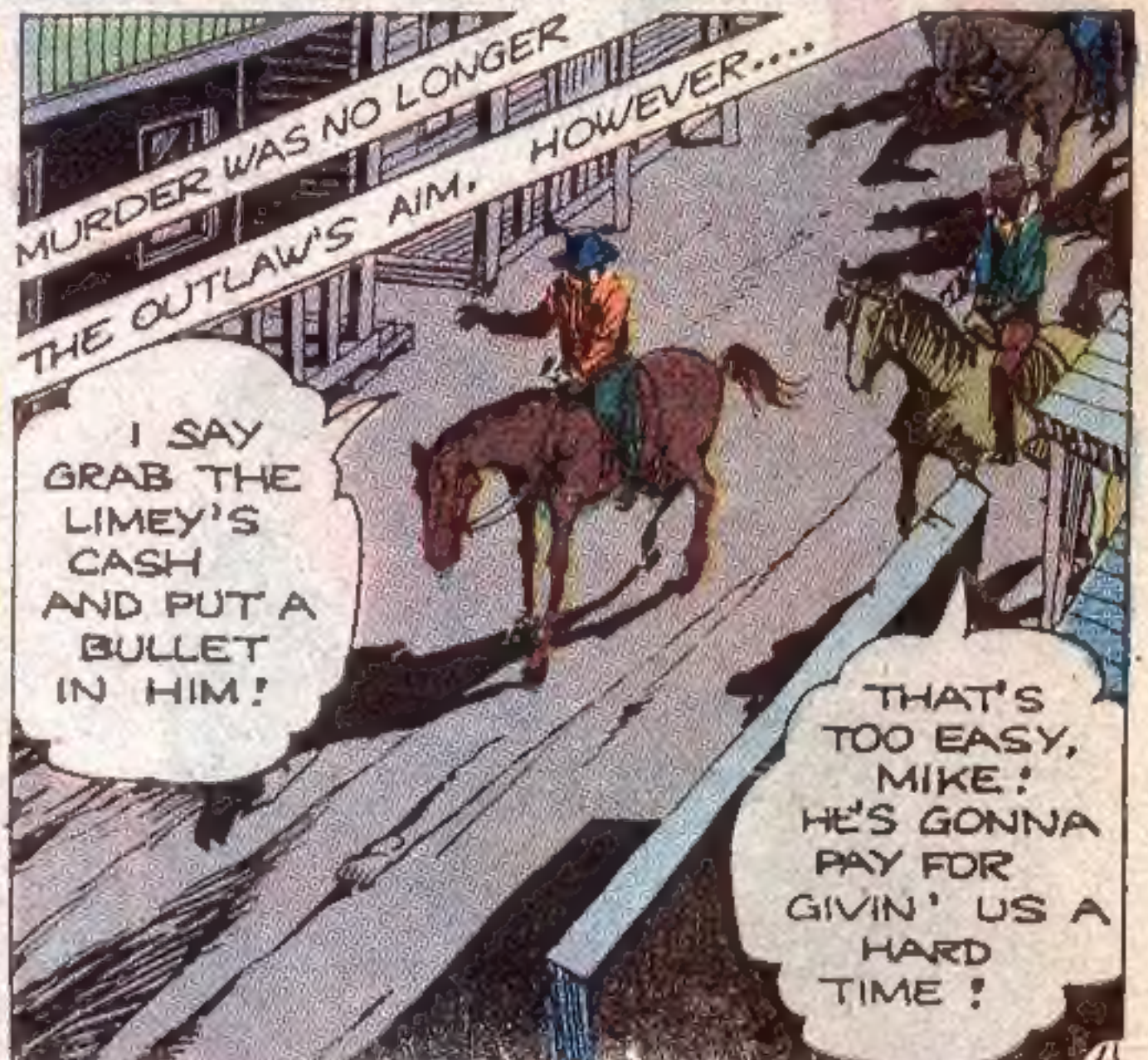
SUFFERIN'
GRIZZLIES!
NO WONDER
GAPTOOTH
TRIED TA
KILL YUH!



MURDER WAS NO LONGER
THE OUTLAW'S AIM. HOWEVER....

I SAY
GRAB THE
LIMEY'S
CASH
AND PUT A
BULLET
IN HIM!

THAT'S
TOO EASY,
MIKE!
HE'S GONNA
PAY FOR
GIVIN' US A
HARD
TIME!



BLISSFULLY ASLEEP IN A ROOM-ING HOUSE, CHAUNCEY WAS UNAWARE OF THE FIGURE SNEAKING IN THRU THE WINDOW.



DON'T YELL, LIMEY! OPEN YER EYES REAL EASY AN' CLIMB OUTA THAT BUNK!

WE'RE TAKIN' YUH WITH US, LIMEY! GIT DRESSED... DON'T YELL FER HELP OR I'LL FINISH YA!



SEEMINGLY DAZED, CHAUNCEY SMYTHE-- BLISS OBEYED ORDERS.....



DON'T FORGET THE LOOT, DUDE! YOU CARRY IT!

THE LOOT? OH, YOU MEAN MONEY! VERY WELL...



WE'RE TAKIN' YA INTO THE BADLANDS, DUDE... WE'LL HOLD YA THERE TILL YORE DADDY COMES ACROSS WITH PLENTY OF CASH!



IT WAS THE CHEYENNE KID WHO DISCOVERED THE KIDNAPING: NEXT MORNING, HE KNOCKED ON SMYTHE-BLISS'S DOOR... AND IT SWUNG OPEN! INSIDE, HE FOUND THE NOTE....



TELL LIMEY'S FAMILY WE GOT HIM AND THEY AN'T GETTIN' HIM BACK 'TILL THEY FORK OVER TWENNY THOUSAND BUCKS.

SIGNED XX

YOU'RE THE LAW, MARSHAL! SWEAR IN A POSSE AN' WE....

I COULDN'T FIND THREE GENTS CRAZY ENOUGH TO GO AFTER GAPTOOTH ROGERS' DIRTY DOZEN, CHEYENNE!

IF YA KNOW THAT MUCH, YA CAN DRAW ME A MAP SO I CAN FIND 'EM, MARSHAL!



'SIDES, I GOTTA KEEP PEACE HERE IN TOWN! THEY'RE A LONG WAY FROM HERE NOW... CLEAR UP IN FOOL'S GOLD GULCH BY NOW!



BY LATE AFTERNOON, CHEYENNE WAS CLOSE ENOUGH TO FOOL'S GOLD GULCH TO DISMOUNT AND PROCEED ON FOOT....

THEY'LL KILL SMYTHE-BLISS IF THEY THINK SOMEONE'S COMIN' FOR HIM!

GAPTOOTH ROGERS' HIDE-OUT IN FOOL'S GOLD GULCH WASN'T LUXURIOUS BUT THEY HAD ALL THE NECESSITIES!

I'M CALLIN' YORE BET, MORK.... AN' IF YA CHEATED GOOD ENOUGH TA BEAT MY THREE OF A KIND, I'LL PLUG YA FOR IT!



HEH HEH! YORE THREE OF A KIND BEATS MY STRAIGHT, GAPTOOTH!



I SAY, IS THAT WHAT YOU CHAPS CALL POKER? I'D RAWTHER ENJOY RISKING A FEW SHILLINGS TOO, YOU KNOW!

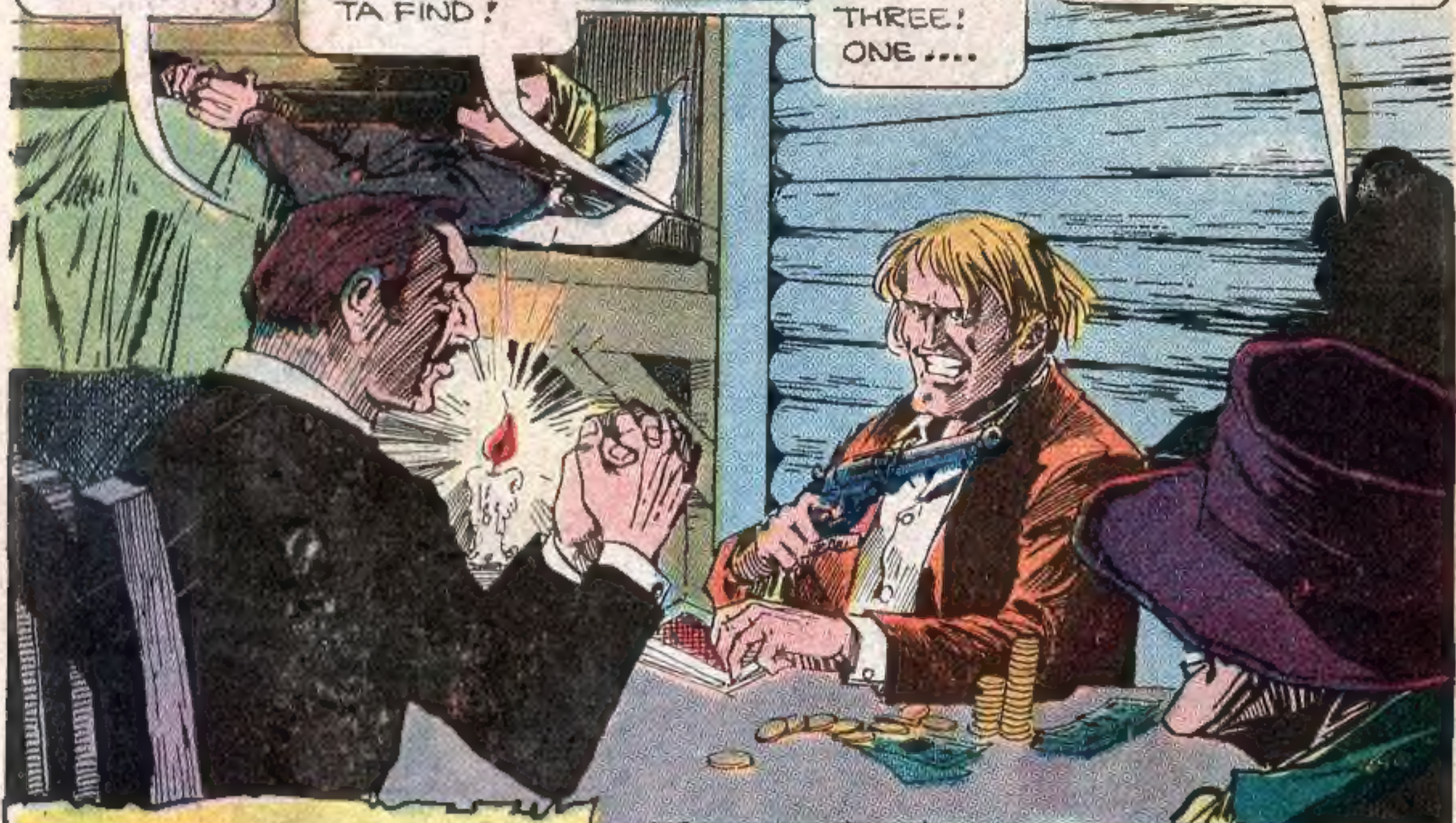
WHAT SHILLINGS? WE TOOK EVERYTHING YA OWN.... AND THAT WASN'T AS MUCH AS WE EXPECTED TA FIND!

I DON'T CARRY ALL MY FUNDS ABOUT WITH ME, MISTER GAPTOOTH!

YA BETTER TELL ME WHERE THE MONEY IS, DUDE! I'LL COUNT TUH THREE! ONE....

ARE YOU APPREHENSIVE LEST I DEFEAT YOU IN YOUR IDIOTIC GAME, MR. GAPTOOTH?

PLAY HIM FOR HIS MONEY, GAPTOOTH! HOW C'N YA LOSE?



ONE OF THE WEIRDEST POKER GAMES THAT EVER HAPPENED TOOK PLACE THERE IN FOOL'S GOLD GULCH! GAPTOOTH WAS A CROOKED DEALER, OF COURSE....

I SAY, ISN'T THERE SOME RULE INDICATING THAT CARDS SHOULD NOT BE DEALT FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE DECK?

IF THERE WAS...

.... I NEVER HEARD OF IT! ARE YUH SAYIN' I CHEAT?

CHEAT? CERTAINLY NOT, SIR! I JUST DIDN'T REALIZE THE LIVERPOOL SHUFFLE WAS USED ON THIS SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC!

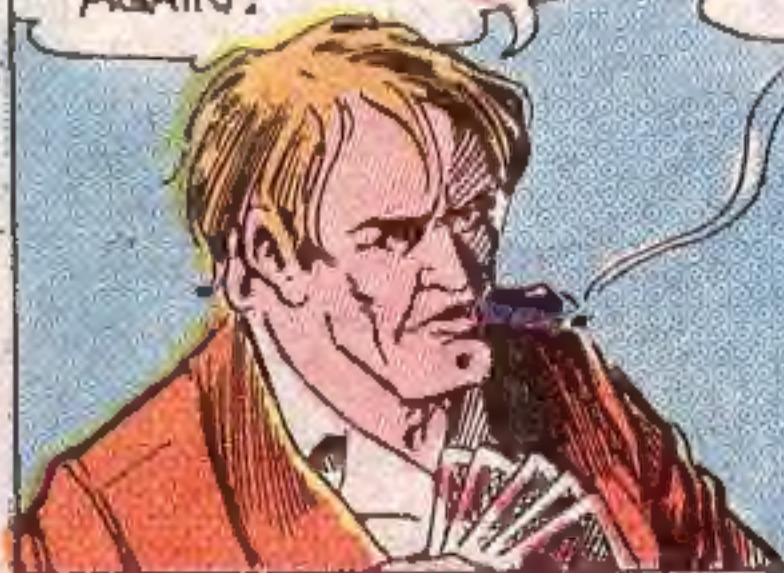


WITH GAPTOOTH CHEATING IN EVERY KNOWN WAY, THE ENGLISHMAN STILL SEEMED TO WIN QUITE OFTEN! IT WAS A MATTER OF PRESTIGE... THE OUTLAW LEADER COULDN'T AFFORD TO LOSE WITH HIS GANG WATCHING!

SOMETHIN' WENT WRONG.... YUH GOT MY HAND THAT TIME!

THESE DUMB CARDS! C'MON, LIMEY, DEAL! AGAIN!

WHY, OF COURSE, MR. GAP-TOOTH!



MORK, GIMME ALL THE CASH YA GOT.... I'M GONNA WIN BACK WHAT I LOST TA THIS STUPID LIMEY!

THEY DON'T EVEN HAVE A GUARD POSTED!



HEH HEH! I'LL PULL THE OLD DODGE CITY RUSE!



SIR, I IMAGINE A STRAIGHT, ALL IN DIAMONDS, WINS THIS DEAL.

GULP!

BOSS, YA BEEN PLAYIN' FOR TWO DAYS... THE DUDE WON ALL OUR CASH!

HE WON IT... BUT HE AIN'T EVER GONNA SPEND IT! HA HAW!





HA HA
HAW
HAW!
HEE
HEE
HEE!

HA HA HA!
HE AIN'T EVER
GONNA LEAVE
FOOL'S GOLD
GULCH!



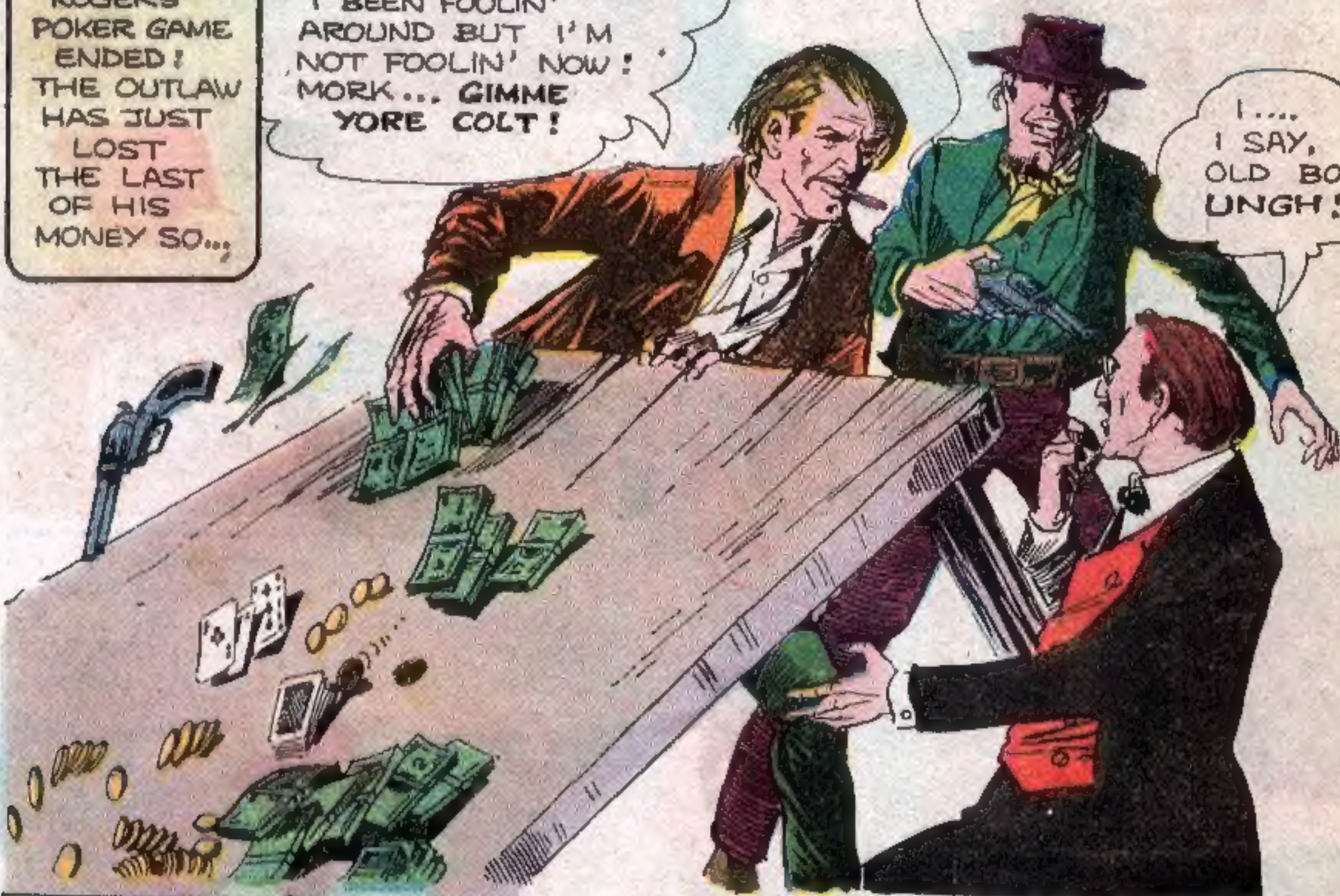
JUST BECAUSE
I WON,
YOU'LL KILL ME?
YOU ARE SORE
LOSERS,
AREN'T YOU,
CHAPS?

THEY'RE
GOIN' TO
KILL HIM ANY
MINUTE NOW!

THAT'S
IT.....
I CAN
CLIMB THE
ROCK
CHIMNEY...

SUDDENLY,
GAPTOOTH
ROGERS'
POKER GAME
ENDED!
THE OUTLAW
HAS JUST
LOST
THE LAST
OF HIS
MONEY SO...

YA SNIVELIN',
SISSIFIED CARDSHARK!
I BEEN FOOLIN'
AROUND BUT I'M
NOT FOOLIN' NOW!
MORK... GIMME
YORE COLT!



I....
I SAY,
OLD BO...
UNGH!



LOOK, GAPTOOTH,
YOU CAN HAVE THE
MONEY,
I....

I'M GONNA
TAKE IT, LIMEY!
I DON'T NEED
YOU ALIVE FOR
WHAT I GOT IN
MIND!



WHAT HAD BEEN A ROARING FIRE WAS SUDDENLY A SMOLDERING, SMOKING MESS ... AND GAPTOOTH ROGERS BLINKED AWAY THE TEARS AS HE TRIED TO FIND HIS VICTIM IN THE MURK !

STAND STILL, LIMEY!

LET'S GET OUTA HERE !

COUGH

COUGH

COUGH

COME ON, YOU TEARY-EYED BABES !

DON'T HURT THEM TOO BADLY, CHEYENNE KID.

WHEN GAPTOOTH GETS OUT, LET ME HAVE HIM, DEAR FELLOW!

HERE HE IS !
COME ON, GAPTOOTH!
PUT 'EM UP !
COME ON,
FIGHT !

HE'S GOTTA BE KIDDIN' !

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

A NOTORIOUS BRAWLER, GAPTOOTH, SWUNG WICKEDLY AND.....

I AM WAITING, MR. GAPTOOTH!

I'LL TEAR YER... STAND STILL, YA SISSY!

WHAP!

POW!

UHG!

POW!

UHG!

I SAY.... HE HAS A FRAGILE JAW, HASN'T HE?

THE LIMEY WAS KIDDIN' US ALL THE WAY, I BET!

YOU WERE PRETTY LUCKY, CHAUNCEY! YOU WEREN'T KILLED OR ROBBED BUT IF....

DEAR BOY, I DIDN'T COME HERE TO FOOL'S GOLD GULCH BY ACCIDENT! YOU RECALL, I AWKSED YOU NOT TO INJURE THESE FELLOWS?

I'VE DISCOVERED THERE'S A RICH SULFICE DEPOSIT HERE! THE ONLY OBSTACLE WAS THE SHORTAGE OF LABOR AND I BELIEVE THESE FELLOWS WILL GLADLY VOLUNTEER... OR GO TO PRISON!

YOU WIN, DUDE! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN NO ONE COULD BE AS IGNORANT AS YOU EXCEPT ON PURPOSE!

JULY 14 1910 BY S.W. KIM
THE END

WANDER AND A DECISION TO DIE

TO YOU PERUSERS OF PUTRID PULP, WANDER, THE TRAVELING SALESMAN FROM THAT DISTANT PLANET KNOWN ONLY TO THE MOST ASTUTE ASTRONOMERS AS SIRIUS V, AS WE SAY, WANDER MAY BE A LITTLE ON THE ODDBALL SIDE AS COMIC HEROES GO. OUR CHARACTER COMMUNICATES IN OLDE ENGLISH BECAUSE (NO NOT BECAUSE HE'S AN OLDE ENGLISHMAN) HE LEARNED HIMSELF ENGLISH FROM WM. SHAKESPEARE'S OLD ENGLISH BOOK! ANHOW MOST OF THE TIME HE SPENDS YEARNING TO RETURN TO SIRIUS V. HERE HE'S YEARNING.

FORSOOTH, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME, COMRADES? SPEAKING SIRIUSLY, I AM READY TO LEAVE THIS MISERABLE LITTLE ORB CALLED EARTH! I YEARN FOR THE SUNS OF SIRIUS V!

BLAM
BANG POW
POW

METHINKS WE HAVE DETECTED THE VOICE OF WANDER, OUR TRAVELING SALES REPRESENTATIVE!

IF HE REPEATS HIS REQUEST FOR TRANSPORT BACK TO SIRIUS V, WE WILL ACCOMMODATE WANDER!

GADZOOKS! MINE EARS RECORD THE MEWLINGS OF PROF. PHINEAS BLOAT... HE IS IN DANGER AT THE HANDS OF VIOLENT MEN!

YES, WANDER, PHINEAS BLOAT IS INDEED IN UTMOST PERIL! THIS VERY MOMENT HIS FELLOW MEN CLAMOR FOR THE VERY LIFE OF THE MEDICINE SHOW PROPRIETOR!

I PROTEST THIS OUTRAGEOUS OFFENSE AGAINST MY PERSON! UNHAND ME, YOU RUFFIANS, OR...



TURN 'IM LOOSE, YA.... MMMFF!

BLOAT DEFIED TH' RULES, BOYS! WE GOTTA STRING 'IM UP!!



YA BIG FAKE, I BOUGHT SOME OF THAT RAT POISON YA CLAIM CURES BALDNESS AN' MY TOENAILS FELL OUT! I OUGHT TO SAVE THE COST OF A GOOD ROPE AND KNOCK YER HEAD OFF!



I, PROFESSOR PHINEAS T. BLOAT, AM ABOVE BRAWLING IN THE STREET! YAA-AS.



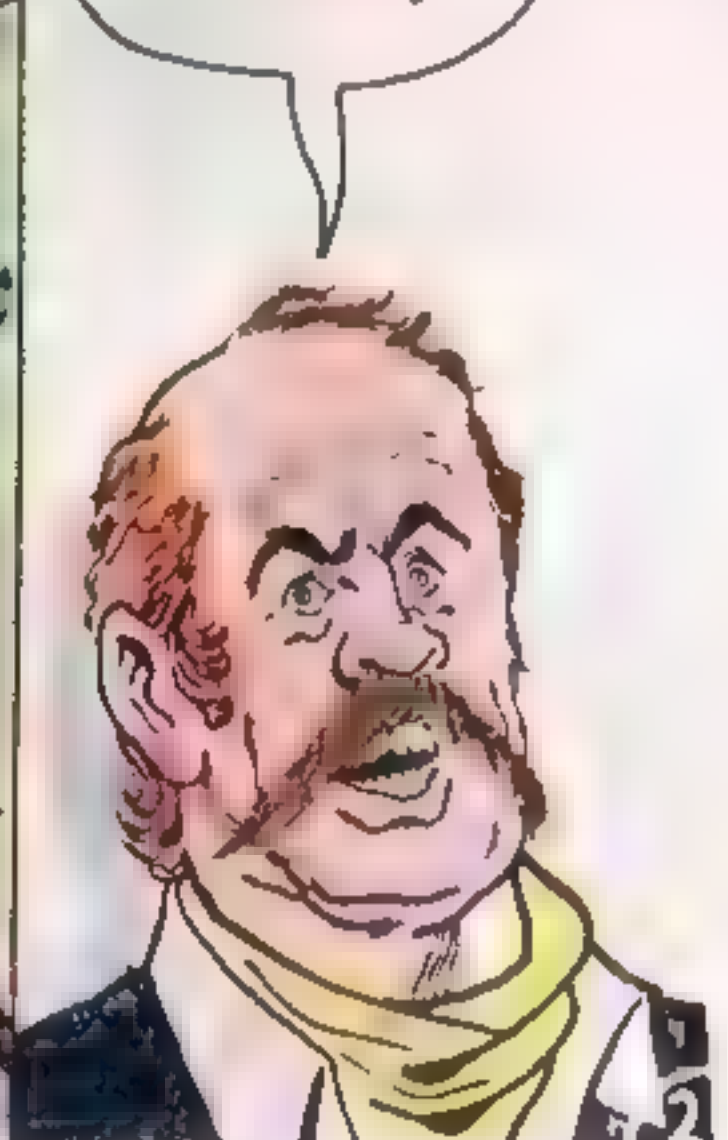
I GOT TO SHUT HIM UP!



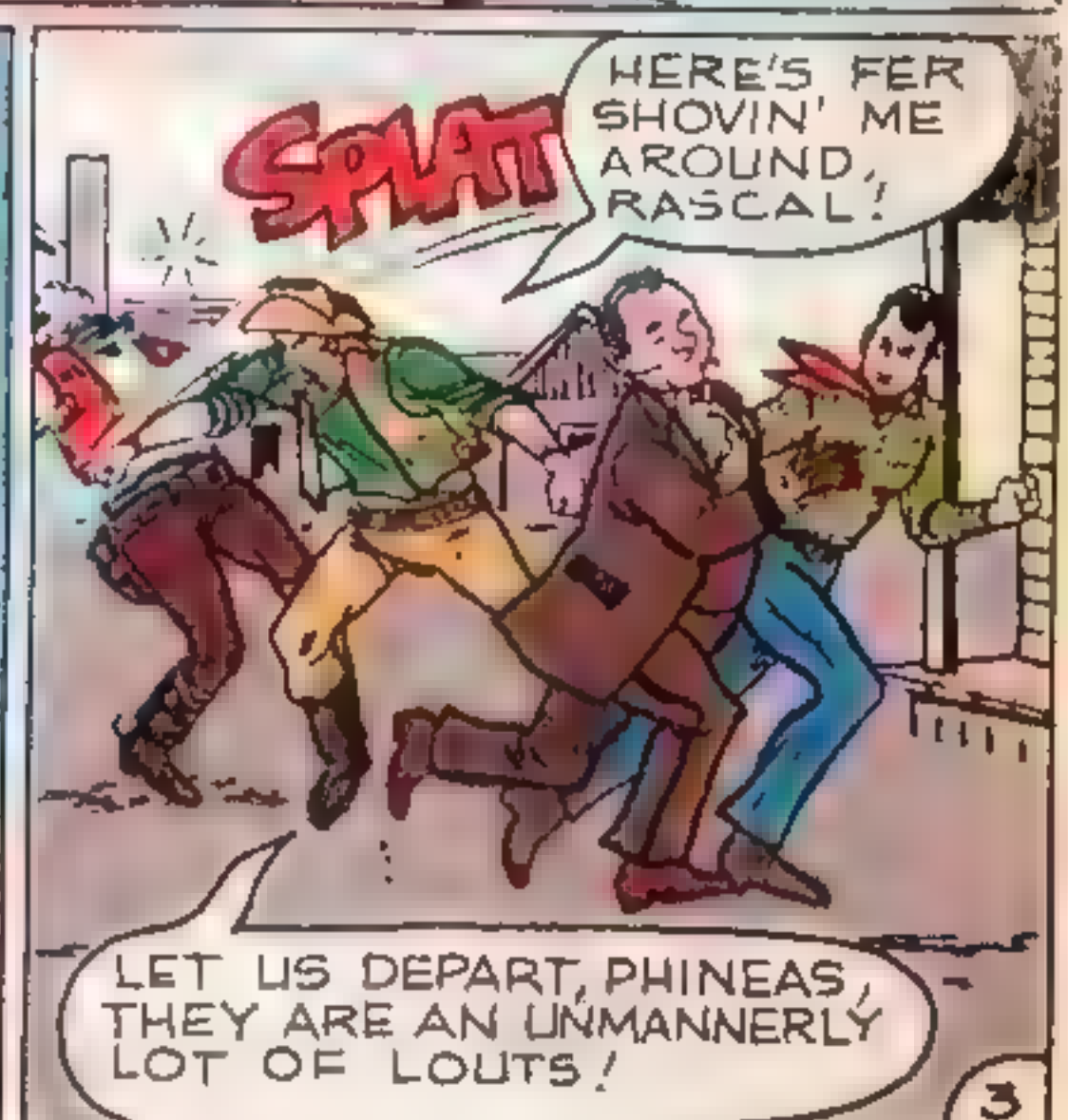
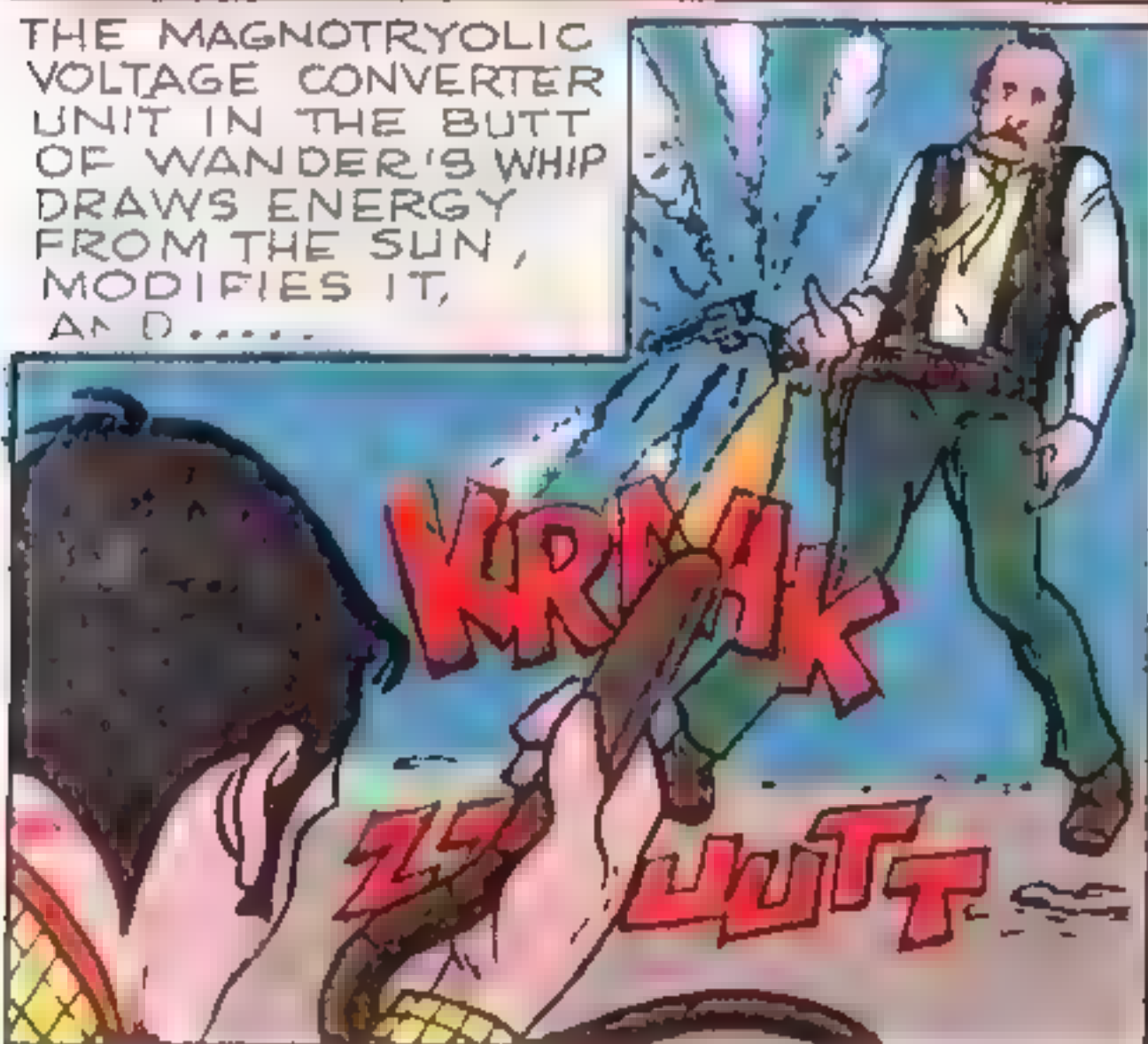
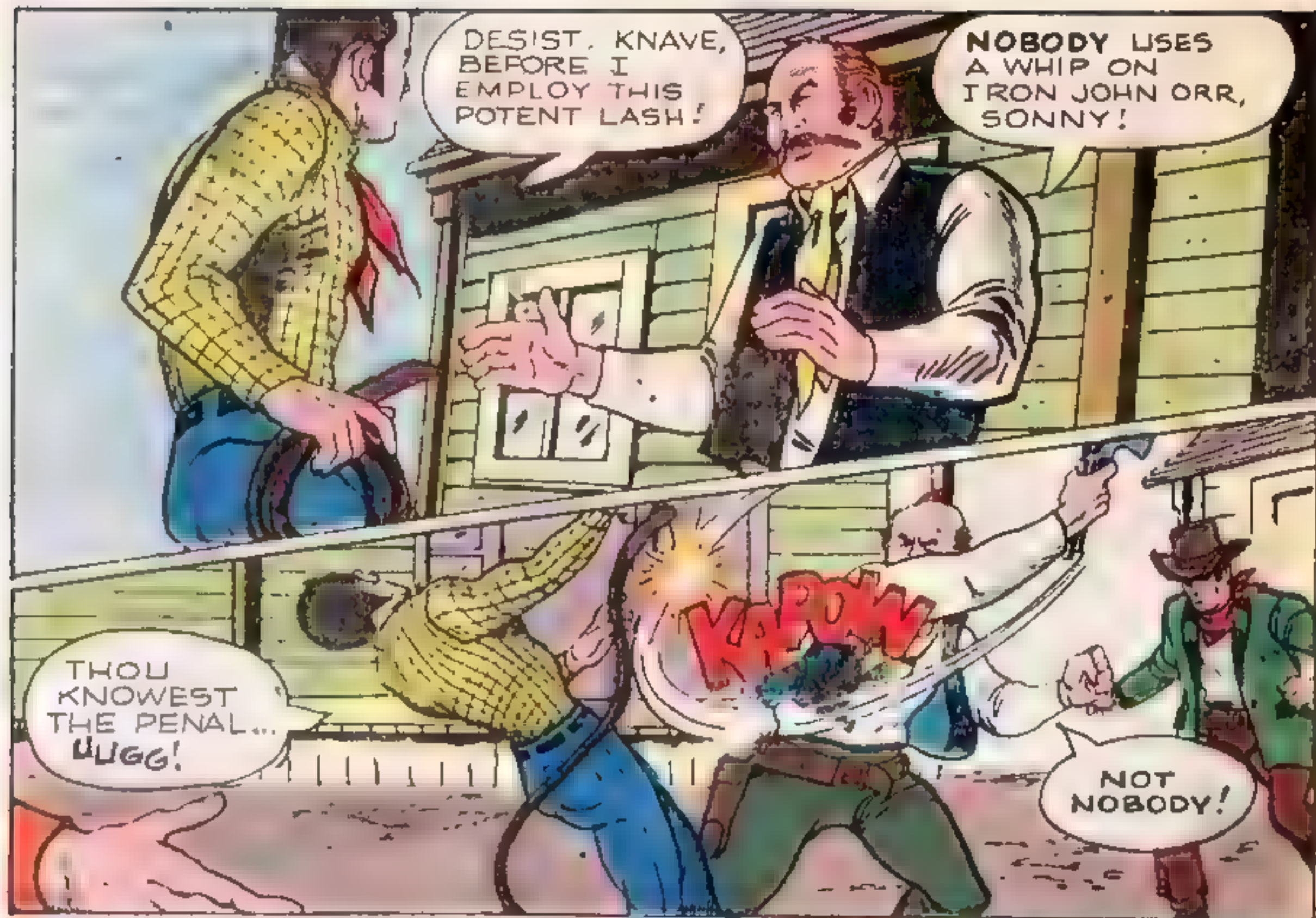
FORBEAR, VARLET, DO NOT STRIKE YON LEARNED MAN! I TAKE UP THE GAUNTLET IN HIS BEHALF! I, WANDER, AM HIS CHAMPION!



HUH? WHA'D HE SAY?



CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT TWO PAGES



DADBURN THEM DADROTTED
HORNEY TOADS!

CEASE THY MALEDICTIONS, FRIEND JEB,
SAVE THY BREATH FOR FLIGHT!

ZING

NOW, PHINEAS,
DELINEATE THE
EVENTS LEADING
TO THE FRACAS...

WHILST YOU WERE STAR
GAZING AND HAVING YOUR
SPELL OF HOMESICKNESS
FOR SIRIUS V, I SET UP
AND WENT INTO MY....
JH....PRE-SENTA-TION!
I 'HAD THEM HAYSHAKERS
DIGGING FOR THE LONG
GREEN WHEN....

...THIS GENT, RON
JOHN ORR, CLOSED
ME DOWN! SAID I
HAD NO LICENSE
TO PEDDLE MY ELIXIR
AND I WAS OUT OF
BUSINESS!

I WAS HOPPIN'
MAD, YA-AAS!

MY EXPLANATION
OF THE CURATIVE
POWERS OF THE
ELIXIR HAD
CREATED A
NEED FOR THE
PRODUCT...

SO I WENT
AROUND THE
CORNER AND
PROCEEDED
TO LIGHTEN
THE MISERIES
OF MY FELLOW
MAN!

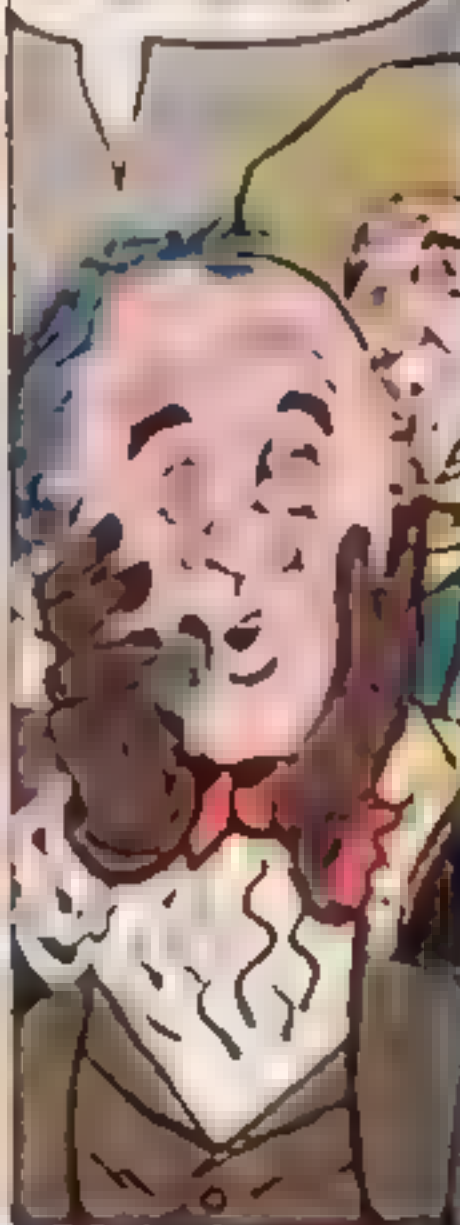
THAT'S
WHEN
ORR
CAUGHT
ME AGAIN!

DON'T LET THAT
QUACK GET AWAY!
I'M PERSONALLY
GONNA NAIL THAT
CHARACTER WITH
THE FUNNY WHIP....

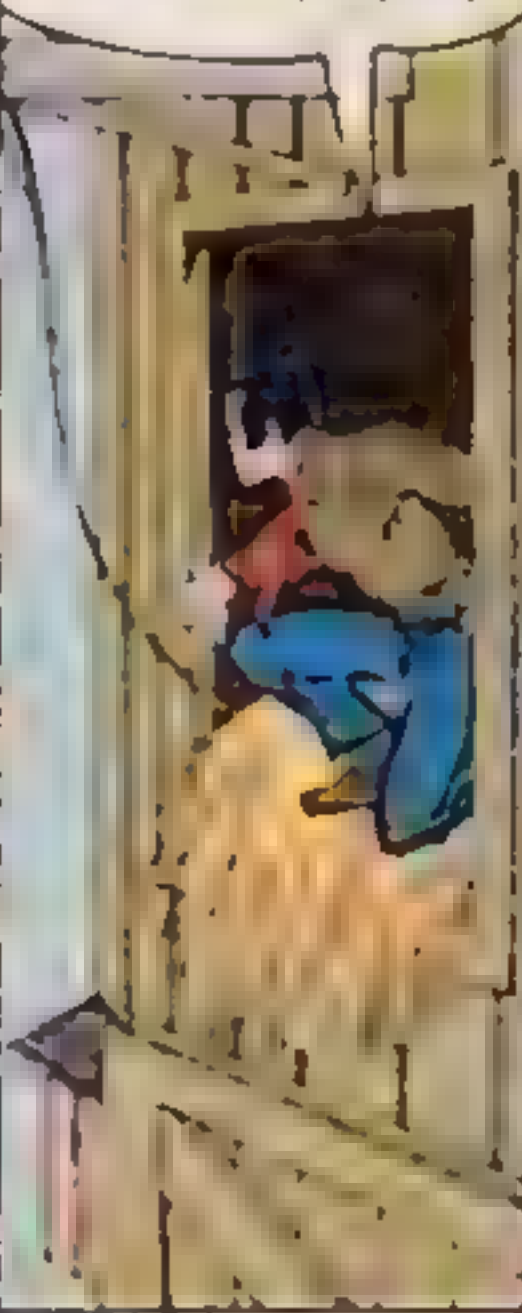
WOULST THAT WE
KNEW THE NATURE
OF OUR ENEMY!
METHINKS I SHALL
DEPART THESE PREMISES
AND ASCERTAIN THE
DEGREE OF KNAVERY
OF THIS IRON JOHN
ORR!



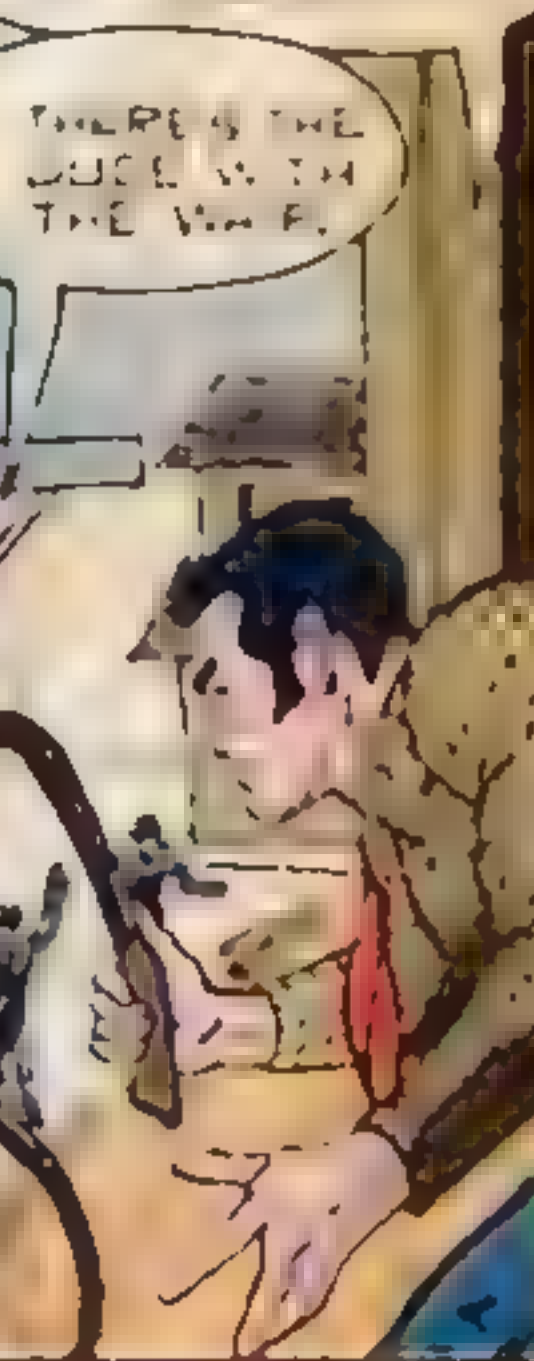
YA AS BUT
NOW, WHEN I
THE SCOUNDRELS
HAVE
SURROUNDED
ME, HARRY!



MY ENEMIES
HAVE PERCEIVED
ME BUT IT WILL
NOT AVAIL THEM!



MY CORNER
WILL SUPPORT
MY ALIGHT....



THIS WILL PLACE ME AT THE
REAR OF THE ENEMY

WATCH
HIS
CLOP!

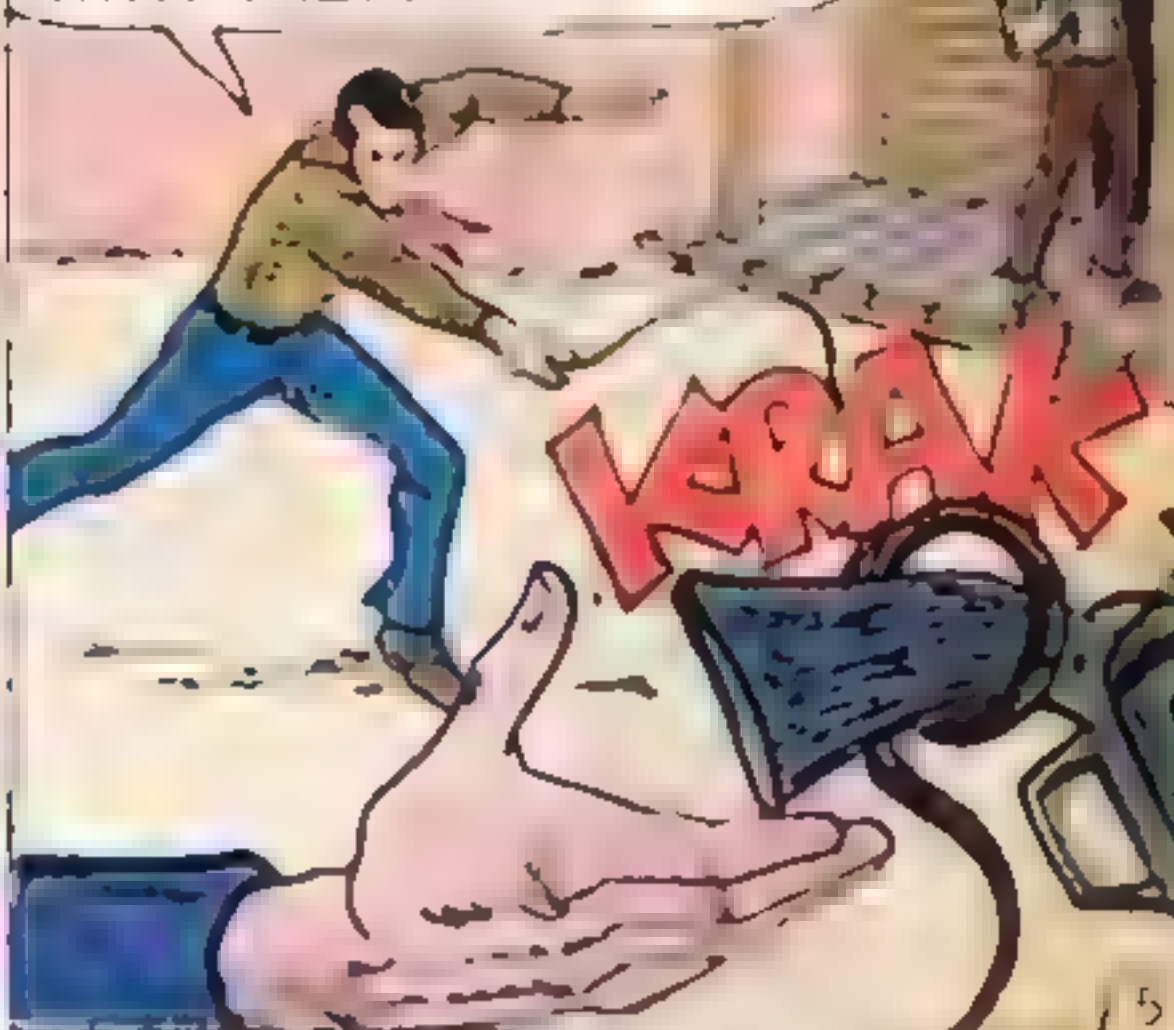


UULP!

THERE'S THE MAN IRON JOHN ORR
S TRYING TO MURDER! LET'S **HELP** H.M.

IN HERE, MISTER ... **HURRY!**

I HAVE FOUND THE ENEMIES
OF EVIL IN THIS COMMUNITY!
I SHALL ALLY MYSELF
WITH THEM!

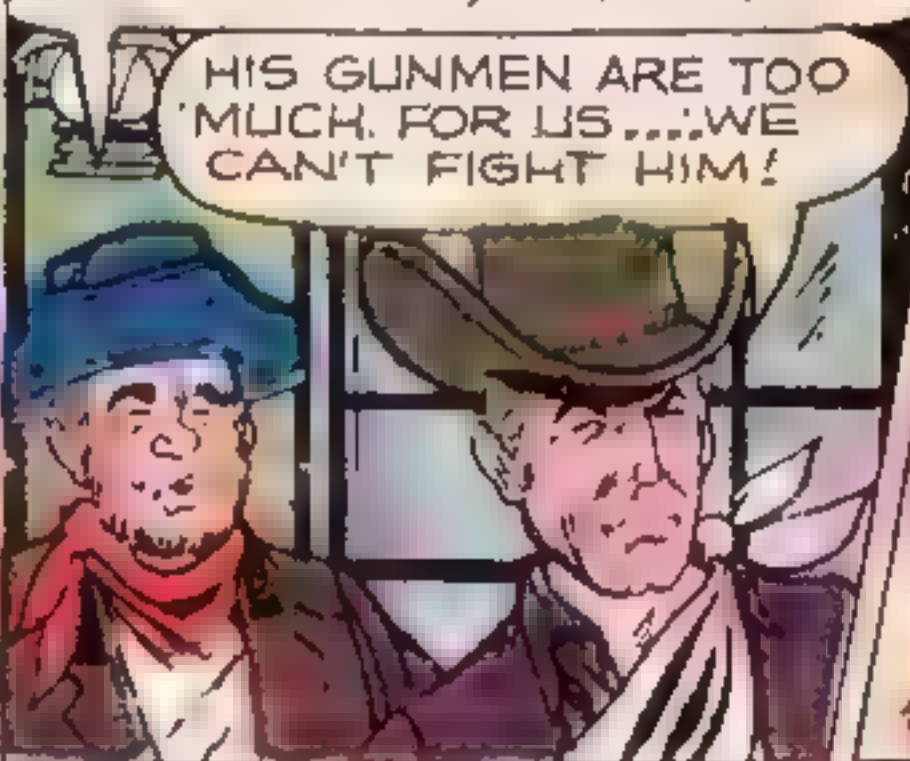


KRAK

YOU'RE IN TROUBLE, MISTER! IRON JOHN ORR WILL HUNT YOU DOWN LIKE HE DID THE REST OF US WHO TRIED TO STAY HONEST IN THIS TOWN!



THE MARSHAL IS SHOT UP, HE CAN'T HELP US, MISTER!

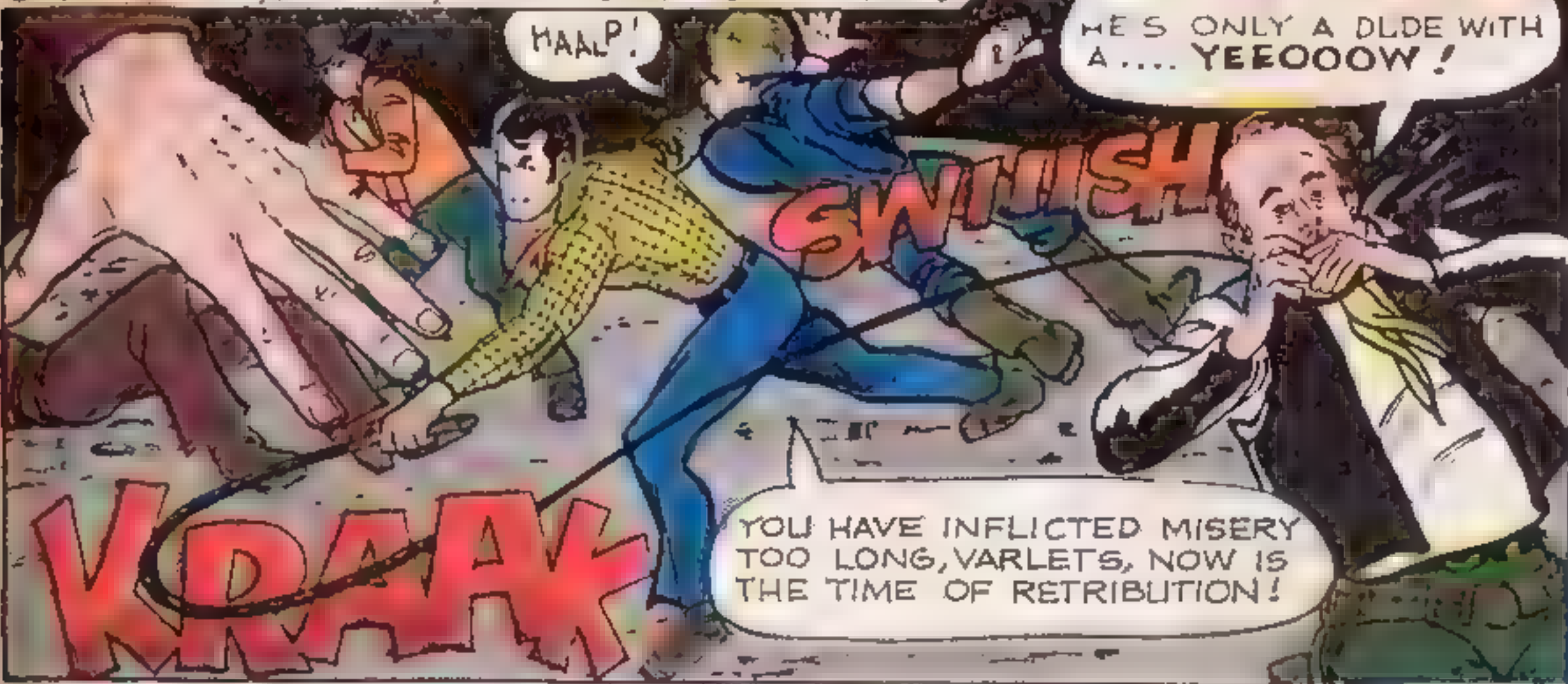


HIS GUNMEN ARE TOO MUCH FOR US...WE CAN'T FIGHT HIM!

HE WHO LIVES BY THE SWORD SHALL DIE BY THE SWORD... OR SOME WEAPON MORE POTENT!



SECONDS LATER, WANDER IS AMOK IN THE STREETS...HIS FANTASTIC WHIP SHIMMERING, DARTING, TEARING AT HIS ENEMIES!



WHERE'S YOUR FRIEND? WE WISH TO THANK HIM!

HE DONE HELPED YUH SOLVE YORE PROBLEMSBUT NOBODY CAN HELP WANDER WITH HIS TROUBLES



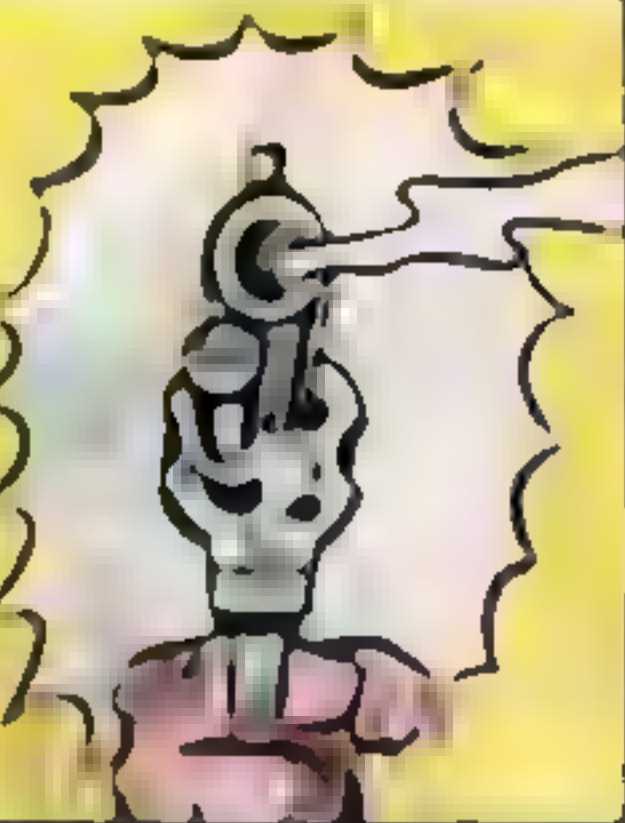
DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART, TRAVELING SALESMEN LIKE WANDER ARE ALWAYS LONELY AND WHO KNOWS? HE MAY MAKE IT HOME IN THE NEXT WANDER EPIC...THEN AGAIN HE MAY NOT



HEAR ME, BRETHREN OF SIRIUS V! MY FRIENDS NEEDED ME SO I COULD NOT KEEP MY TRYST BUT NOW I'M READY!



TENDERFOOT SHERIFF IN GOLDEN GUN



On July 9, 1878, John Lind got off the stage at its terminal stop in Meadowsville. He had only three dollars left in his wallet. In addition to the satchel with his clothes, he carried his sample case. In his pocket was a crumbled telegram. Telling him that the company for which he worked was bankrupt. And he could keep his samples. But he was hungry. Where would he

"Who died?" he asked.

"Sheriff Blanton," was the laconic answer a stranger gave him. "Had a heart attack."

After asking directions on how to get to the sheriff's office, John Lind soon found himself facing a lone deputy. Whose name was Frank Bohens.

"Need an extra deputy?" he asked.

"If you can read and write a legible hand, forty bucks a month. You sleep here. My sister runs the restaurant. So you get a break on meals. Now tell me where you were a deputy before?"

"Never," was the reply. "But I will make a deal with you. You teach me the ropes. I will give you ten dollars each month of my salary."

"A deputy gets half of the fine money. So you give me also half of your half and you got yourself a deal."

In later years, John Lind gave the following explanation of the deal he made. "I figured that this would give Frank Bohens a good incentive to see I remained alive." And he was correct! This episode in his unusual career as a lawman took place in the spring of 1882. By that time he was quite famous in the southwest. Now, things were grim. For Jack Eggers, the deadliest gunslinger in the West was coming to town. He had made his boast:

"I don't care what he does. I know he is finished. So I don't care what he does."

But the governor of the territory was going to take no chances with such a valuable sheriff. So he sent Captain Max Whelan and five range to give a hand. And just now the Captain was having his own headache as John Lind spoke to him.

"Let me handle things in my own way. Believe me, I want him to duel with me. And I will win. Just you and the rangers stay out of

this one. I know what to do."

The trouble was that dueling was still legal in the territory. And so Jack Eggers came to town. He hitched his horse outside the office and went right in.

"Welcome," was the unusual greeting he received. "I have a lot of things to do tomorrow. So in twenty minutes we go out and shoot it

The gunman watched the deputy go to a safe. From it, John Lind took out a gun belt with a golden .44 in the holster. He buckled the gun on and smiled.

with me."

"Now? Right now," snarled the gunman who was a bit puzzled by the eagerness of the man he had come to kill.

So the two walked out. Suddenly the gunman wheeled around. His six shooter was in his right hand.

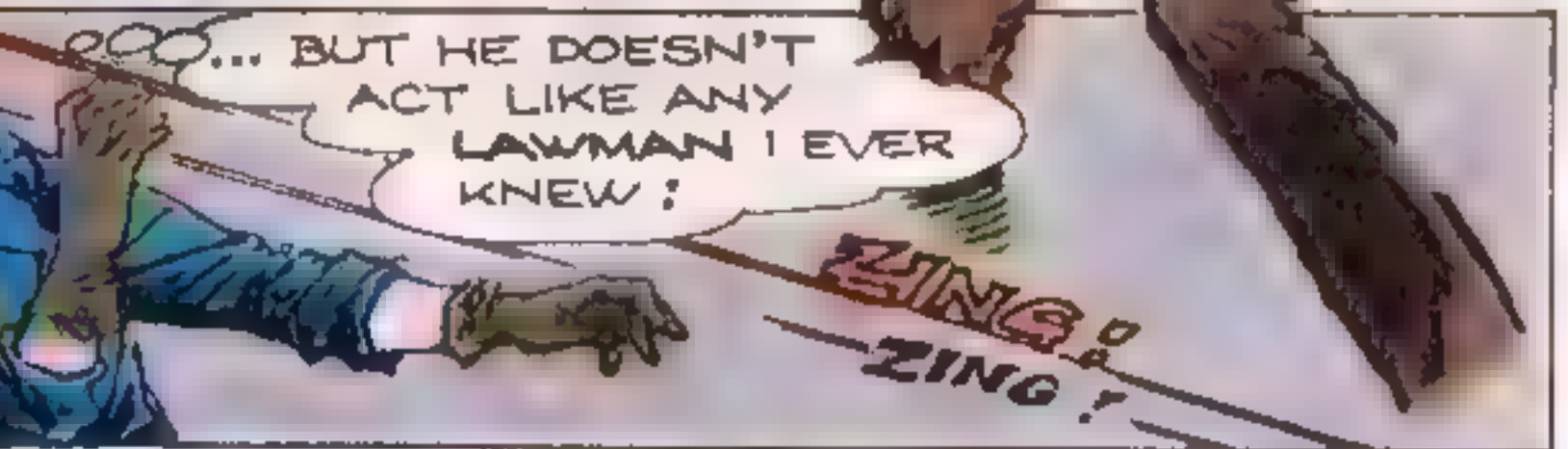
"You shoot with my gun and I shoot with your gun. I will kill you and I keep the gun.

There was no objection on the part of John Lind. Meanwhile the captain and his rangers came to see what was going to be the most unusual gun fight in the territory. The gunman spun the cylinder and was satisfied the gun was completely loaded. Then they walked away from each other twenty paces. Back to back. And then they spun around. The gunman cocked the gun and fired. There was just a little noise. He fired again. Same result. The deputy sheriff

being killed

AS THE CHEYENNE KID CAME ROUND THE BEND IN THE TRAIL IN TO AN OLD TOWN ,THE VOICE CRACKED "GET 'EM UP!" THE DEPUTY'S GUN ROARED A SPLIT SECOND LATER!

TOO MANY VICTIMS!



SET REAL
STILL, DEPUTY, AN'
START
EXPLAININ' :

I ... I MISTOOK
YUH FER AN OUTLAW,
MISTER !

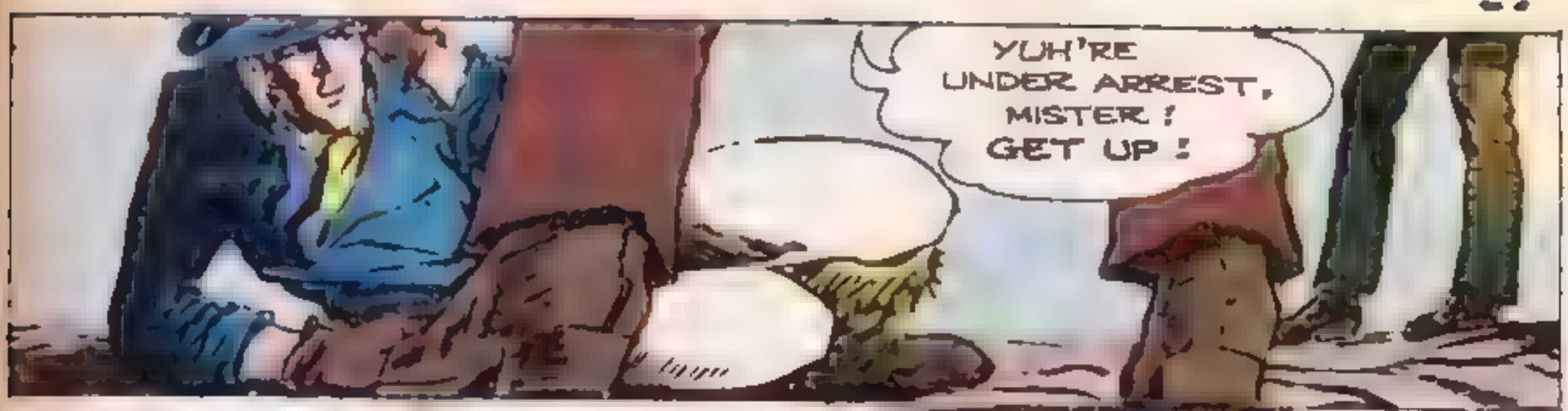
DROP
THE IRON,
SADDLETRAMP !
PUT UP YORE
HANDS !

NICE
WORK,
MCGEE !
I RECKON
I WON'T
HAVE TA
EXPLAIN
AFTER
ALL !

UNGGHH !

THUDD !

OOFF !



YUH'RE
UNDER ARREST,
MISTER!
GET UP!

YOU AREN'T
REAL DEPUTY
SHERIFFS!
WHAT'S
THIS ALL
ABOUT?

THIS WAS THE TOWN WHERE THE
CHEYENNE KID HAD COME TO
TESTIFY IN THE SETTLEMENT
OF THE HUGE CROWN RANCH
ESTATE AFTER THE DEATH OF
W.H. KING, OWNER OF THE
CROWN... THE TOWN
DIDN'T LOOK THE WAY
IT HAD BEFORE!

HU
INDOORS,
STAYIN'
OUTA TROUBLE,
FELLA!
RIGHT NOW,
WE DON'T
WANT TOO
MUCH VISITIN'
AROUND
IN
THIS
TOWN!

WHERE
IS
EVERYONE?

SHERIFF'S
OFFICE



YUH'RE
WRONG, RENEGADE.
SHERIFF
BECKETT DONE
SWORE US IN AS
DEPUTIES!
NOW, SHET YER
MOUTH!



SHERIFF
BECKETT! THOSE
DEPUTIES SAID
YOU SWORE
THEM IN!

I HAD TO GO
THROUGH THE
MOTIONS, CHEYENNE...
LANGAN COLE,
THEIR LEADER,
THREATENED
REPRISALS
AGAINST THE
TOWN IF I DIDN'T!

INSIDE
AN'
KEEP
YORE
MOUTH
SHUT
TIGHT!



I'M LANGAN COLE, RENEGADE.... THE FUTURE OWNER OF THE CROWN RANCH!

THAT'S WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, CHEYENNE! THIS THIEF CLAIMS TO BE THE NEXT OF KIN OF W.H. KING.... GOT SOME FORGED PAPERS TO PROVE IT!

NO ONE WILL TESTIFY IN JUDGE SHIELDS' PROBATE COURT EXCEPT MY WITNESSES, UNDERSTAND?

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT, COLE! AT LEAST A DOZEN OF US KNOW THAT W.H. KING HAS TWO NEPHEWS AND A NIECE LIVIN'!

SEVEN OF YOU ARE LIVING CHEYENNE... AND YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TESTIFY IN A COURT OF LAW!

IT DOESN'T FIGURE, SHERIFF! WHY LOCK US UP IF HE INTENDS TO MURDER US?

SEVEN RELATED MURDERS WOULD BE HARD TO EXPLAIN, CHEYENNE! JUDGE SHIELDS IS AN HONEST, ABLE JUDGE....

I HAVE A HUNCH COLE WILL FIND A WAY TO KILL ALL SEVEN OF US AT ONETIME... AND MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

SOMEONE'S
OUTSIDE
THE JAIL!
CAN YUH SEE
WHO
IT IS,
CHEYENNE?



SOME GENT
IS FUSSIN' WITH
SOMETHIN' RIGHT
OUTSIDE OUR CELLS.
SHERIFF! HE... HE'S
'LIGHTIN' A
DYNAMITE FUSE!

HEY,
FELLA...
WHAT
ARE
YOU
DOIN'?



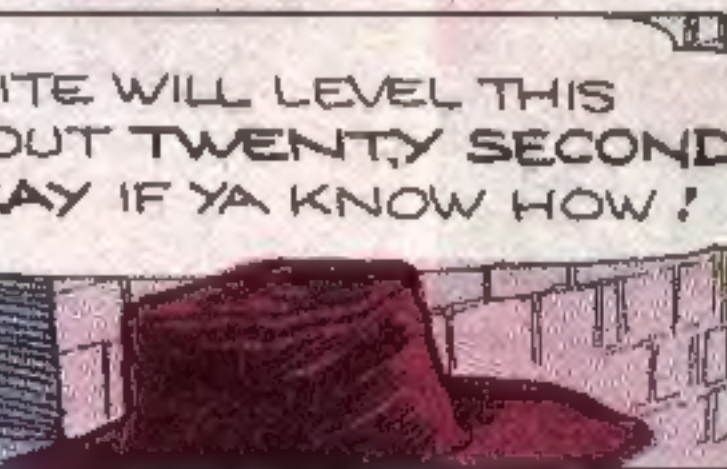
I'M GONNA
BUST YOU
GUYS OUTA
THE
CALABOOSE!
THE HARD
WAY!



PLEASE,
MISTER!
WE'LL BE
KILLED!
I DON'T
WANTA
DIE!



THE DYNAMITE WILL LEVEL THIS
JAIL IN ABOUT TWENTY SECONDS!
BETTER PRAY IF YA KNOW HOW!

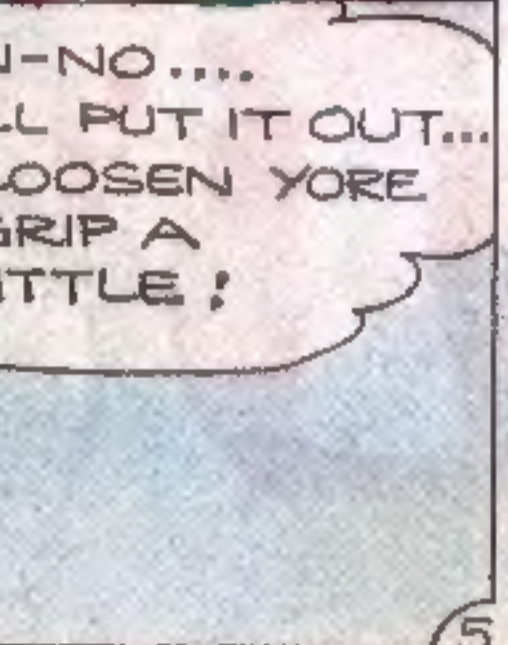


SUDDENLY,
THE
CHEYENNE
KID'S HAND
SEIZED THE
MURDERER
IN AN IRON
GRIP! HE
YANKED HIM
HARD AGAINST
THE BARS
AND THERE
WAS NO
MERCY IN HIS
COLD EYES...

WE CAN PRAY
TOGETHER
THEN, BUDDY...
BECAUSE
UNLESS YOU
STOMP OUT
THAT FUSE,
YOU DIE
WITH
US!



N-NO...
I'LL PUT IT OUT...
LOOSEN YORE
GRIP A
LITTLE!





LEGGO!
HURRY UP!



I DIDN'T
THINK YUH'D
FALL FOR IT,
INJUN-LOVER!
NOW, YUH'LL
BLOW UP
WITHOUT ME!



YUP!
IT'S YOURS!



UH?



YOU'RE DEAD IF
YOU DON'T STOMP
THAT FUSE
NOW!

... OKAY! I
NOW....



...HOLLER FOR YORE PARD,
THE DEPUTY WITH THE
KEYS! GET HIM BACK
HERE! DO IT RIGHT OR
DIE!

HEY,
CHUCK...
COME AROUND
HERE,
I WANTA
SHOW YA
SOMETHIN'!



GIVE ME A
MINUTE INSIDE THE
SALOON WHERE COLE
AND HIS GANG
ARE, SHERIFF!

CHUCK HANDED OVER
THE KEYS AFTER THE
CHEYENNE KID NICKED
HIS EAR WITH A WELL-
AIMED SLUG... AFTER
THAT IT WAS EASY!

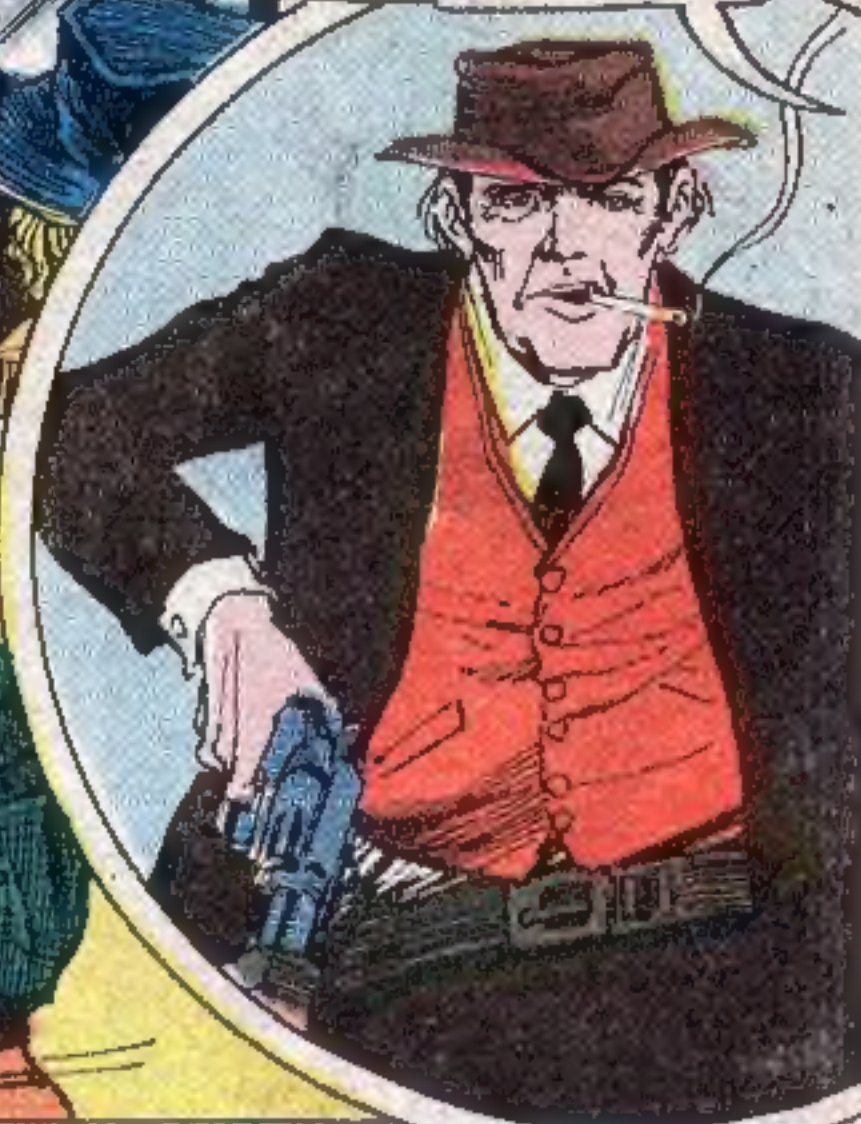
ALL OF YUH ARE
HEREBY LEGITIMATE-
LY DEPUTIZED!
WE'VE GOTTA GET
LANGAN COLE AND
HIS PHONEY
LAWMEN!





WHO LET HIM
OUT? YOU FOOLS--
KILL HIM!

I'M BLASTED MAD,
COLE! DON'T
TRY ANYTHING IF
YUH VALUE YOUR
LIVES!



NOW, MAYBE, IT'LL
BE QUIET IN THIS HERE
TOWN AGAIN.

WITH LANGAN
COLE AND HIS
DEPUTIES
PERMANENTLY
'RESTING IN PEACE',
THE CROWN RANCH
WAS LEGALLY
GIVEN TO THE
RIGHTFUL HEIRS..
AND THE
CHEYENNE KID
ONCE MORE DID
HIS BIT TO
PRESERVE
JUSTICE ON
THE WESTERN
FRONTIER!



THE END